

WORSE and WORSE, (2)
Out of the *Frying-Pan* into the *Fire*.

Set forth in the HISTORY of
WILL. SQUELSH,
and *HARRY HALTER,*
formerly Servants at the *Red-*
Lyon in *Brentford*.

*Spleen to Mankind their envious Hearts possess'd,
And much they hated all, but most the best.
Ulysses or Achilles still their Theme,
But Royal Scandal their Delight supreme.*

POPE's Homer.

Written by the late Mr. *ISAAC*
DANDRIDGE, Apothecary; and
Publish'd from the *Original Manuscript*,
now in the Library of Mr. *GUY*'s New
Foundation for *INCURABLES*, as well
as the former Part,

By *PAUL PRICKMAN*, Gent.
of *Furnival's-Inn*.

PART II.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's. 1728.
(Price Six-pence.)

WILLIAM L. G. 1830

of the City of New York

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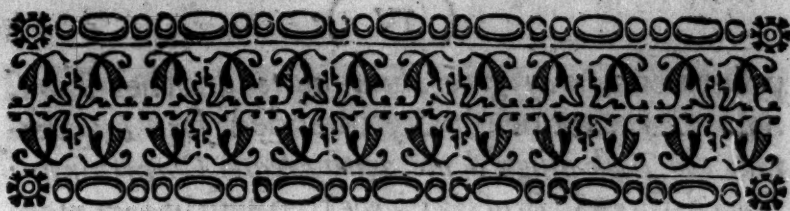
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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.



THE Town having receiv'd the First Part of my late worthy Friend Mr. Dandridge's History with much Candor and seeming Satisfaction, I have been prevail'd upon to publish the Sequel to that ingenious Performance, and have also prefix'd my Name, that the Publick may not imagine they are impos'd on, a thing so common at this time of Day. My Printer was likewise very importunate with me, not to conceal my self, since many Grub-street Pamphlets are continually laid to his Charge, to his very great Prejudice and Detriment: And tho' one would think Mr. Moore a Person of Probity and Reputation enough (after so many Years being known to the Learned World) not to stand in need of so obscure a Name as mine to recommend what he publishes, I cou'd not possibly refuse him so reasonable a Request.

Another Consideration that engag'd me to this Publication, was not only its being one of the Author's last Requests that I should be his Editor, but lest these Papers of my dear Acquaintance and Kinsman (for so I had the Honour to be at some Distance) shou'd fall into the Hands of any, who through Malice, Party-Rage, Spleen, or Disap-

pointment, may give them quite another Turn, than they were originally intended for, I undertake the Task assign'd me, with greater Chearfulness: Such dishonest Practices have frequently been made use of, and the Instance of the Earl of Clarendon's History, is too notorious, to admit of Contradiction.

Nor can I imagine a properer Season for sending these Sheets abroad, written with that strict Impartiality and Love of Truth (so requisite in a Writer) than at a time, when the Press is loaded with fictitious Travels, Stories of scandalous Highwaymen, and paltry Libels, which I hope may give the sober judicious Reader real Pleasure, and those profligate Hackney Scriblers a Sample how they ought to employ their Pens, if they find themselves afflicted with the *Scribendi Cacoethes*.

I am persuaded the virtuous Part of Mankind will be concern'd to hear, they are not likely at present to be oblig'd with any more of Mr. Dandrige's entertaining History: I have proceeded as far as his last Will empowers me; The Reasons that induc'd him to give such an Order, are unknown to me, unless his Opinion relating to Works of this Nature, was the same as in his Practice (which I have often heard from him) that the very best Remedies, by an Over-application, wou'd create Distempers, they cou'd otherwise by a *Quantum sufficit* entirely remove.

Furnival's-Inn,

May 27. 1728.

CHAP.

[8]

C H A P. I.

The Death of the LANDLORD at the Red-Lyon : He is succeeded in the House by his SON, to the universal Joy and Satisfaction of Brentford.

WHILE the curious Composers of the *Brentford Mercury*, continu'd in indulging their *Spleen*, which often extended to my LANDLORD himself, it pleas'd Providence to remove him from this Life to a better. The whole Town and Country for Forty Miles about, shew'd their *just Concern* for a Man of so much *Merit*, and for whose *Loss* they had been *inconsolable*, had not his SON resolv'd to carry on the Trade. As he was extreemly belov'd for his good *Qualities*, as well as for the sake of his *Family*, *Brentford* began to dry their Eyes, and comfort themselves with the Thoughts of the young *Gentleman's* staying amongst 'em, whom they knew understood the Business perfectly well, lov'd all his Neighbours, had been ready upon several Occasions to do 'em Service, and ever shewn the greatest regard for the *Privileges* of the Meanest in the *Parish*.

I pass over the several Rejoycings that were made upon this Occasion; Bonfires and Illuminations being properer, in my Opinion, for the Streets, than to be illustrated upon Paper.

As new Lords commonly make new Laws, there were Expectations of many *Changes* in the Family.

Family. Half the Town had *provided* for *themselves* very handsomely in it: The House was entirely new modell'd by these *wise ones*, and they gave it out very industriously (but for *what* Reasons, has not yet appear'd) that my young Landlord wou'd not employ any one of the same Servants, or suffer so much as a *Joint-Stool* of his *Father's* to remain in the Inn. 'Twas not a little pleasant to observe, that among the Crowd there came to congratulate him upon his taking Possession of the *Red-Lyon*, the *most worthless People* of the Place had the *highest Hopes*, and the *Assurance* to expect his Favour, preferable to the old Servants of the Family, whom he had long known. For Instance, one *sorry Scoundrel*, who had only carried Grains in his *Father's* Life-time, immediately desir'd he might be *his* Brewer: Another *pitiful Knife-grinder* wou'd fain have had the Care of his Countenance, instead of his old Barber: A Third *rascally* Cobler hop'd he shou'd have the *Length* of his Foot, and make Shoes for him: A fourth *Frippery* Cur, who cry'd old Clothes about Streets, wou'd have condescended to have made for him: And a Fifth *impudent* Bastard who drove a Jack Ass in a Sand Cart, insisted upon being his Groom. There were many more besides of *equal Modesty* and *Abilities*, that made their *Claims* to the several *Places* in his Service; among whom, you may be sure WILL. SQUELSH and HARRY HALTER were not without their Views and Schemes; and how they address'd themselves, with the *Success*, a little Patience, some Attention, and the ensuing Chapters will bring to your Knowledge.

C H A P. II.

SQUELSH's great Glee, and Conversation with **WINNY**, on the present Juncture.

IT has been hinted in the former Part, what Expectations **WILL.** conceiv'd, whenever the young Gentleman came into the Business; and now seeing him in it, with so general an Approbation, he had fram'd vast hopes of his being every thing he cou'd wish himself, and in a Capacity of undoing **TRUSTY**. On the instant he heard of his *Old Master's* Death, he ran to **WINNY**,——*Now Hussey!* says he, *the Time's come—get me my best Turnover starch'd, and my ruffled Shirt, and if you've a mind to Kiss the cleverest Fellow in Brentford—give me a Buss. What ails the Oaf now?* says she, (for they never stood upon Ceremony with one another) *where have you got your Beer pray, that you are so hot upon dishing yourself out? But I shall know to what purpose first, or you may get 'em ready yourself for Winny—He's dead, he's dead you Slut, and I'm a made Man! He's dead—No great matter if you were so too,* says Madam: *But what d'ye mean? Who's dead, that you seem so much alive? Why, my Old Master, Child—I must away early To-morrow to my young One—I shall be fac-totum with him—Let me see, in the first place I'll ruin the Chamberlain—provide for Honest HALTER, and then I'll make your Father, Winny—not such a Fool as you are,* reply'd my Dame, *to believe the delicious Whimsies you take into your Head when you are half boozy. I suppose*

pose now you have been with NISEY, and the Pimp of a Parson and have compos'd something among you very ingenious in your own Conceits, and so have provided for yourselves, which no body that knows you all will ever do——Prithee dear Honey, says WILL. don't be so snappish, but mark the Event: I tell you I shall be a Credit to the Family of the Squelsh's; but I must desire the favour of you to think of some pretty thing for me to ask for my Cousin Dunderhead——I know young Master can't refuse me, and Daniel has done me such signal Service in Cyphers, that I'm determin'd he shall now make a Figure: Don't you be cross then my Chicken, but get my Things ready betimes in the Morning, for HARRY and I design to be stirring early, and endeavour to catch my Master before the rest of the Neighbours, for the greater Freedom of Conversation, which I know he longs to oblige me with.

C H A P. III.

SQUELSH and **HALTER** wait on my Young Landlord; offer their Service, and have as good a thing given'em.

THIS Night seem'd longer to WILL. than many he had known in his Life; his Imagination ran upon the Reception he expected to meet with, and Sleep only seiz'd him by Fits and Girds as an Ague takes a Goose. The Sun was no sooner up than he, who after sprucing himself out, waited impatiently for his Friend HARRY: He came at last, and as full of hopes

hopes as SQUELSH; so forward they set to the *Red Lyon*.

Early as it was, they were not the *first*, for several of the Neighbours were already waiting to congratulate the *new Landlord*, and try what they cou'd get: Thus frequently does *Complaisance* and *Self-interest* go hand in hand.

The *young Gentleman* receiv'd every body with great Courtesy and Affability, but perfectly distinguish'd between *those* who really lov'd and wish'd him well, and *they* who only came to mend their *Fortunes*, or gratify their *Ambition*. His Behaviour was yet so agreeable to every body, that *all* seem'd well satisfy'd, and promis'd themselves whatever their Wishes form'd. WILL. had only a Touch by the little Finger, which he interpreted entirely to his own Satisfaction; but HALTER had such a Cast of his Master's Eye, that let him plainly see he was much about as welcome there, as *Water into a Ship*. However he stood his ground, talk'd familiarly loud with every one near him, and put the best Face upon the matter it wou'd bear.

SQUELSH had observ'd the Glance of Contempt, but whisper'd HARRY to bear up, and not seem to have found it out, for that he'd undertake my *Landlord* shou'd make no distinction, but look upon *them* suddenly, **both** alike.

WILL. strutted up and down the *Red Lyon* with a broad Grin upon the *Old Servants*, who because *they* shew'd a becoming Concern for their deceas'd Master, and were not throwing the House out at Windows, he interpreted it, meerly as *Dread* and *Apprehension* of their being dismiss'd, and was seiz'd with Good-nature enough, seeing so many melancholy Countenances,

nances, to *promise* the *Boot-catcher* that he shou'd *continue* in his Place, and gave the *Cook* Encouragement to believe she shou'd not only stay, but have her *Perquisites* mended.

As he determin'd to have a *Word* or *two* with my *Landlord* before they parted, he sauntered up and down till the *Neighbours* grew thin ; but as HARRY stuck close to his Heels, and the *Master* always turning to some *other* Person, when he observ'd *them* draw near him, SQUELSH tip'd HARRY the wink to withdraw, and leave the Care of his Concerns to him. HALTER took the *Hint*, retir'd to another Room, and crack'd *smutty* Jokes with the *Servant Maids*, which he was a great Dab at.

A proper Opportunity offering at last, WILL. catch'd his *Master* by the Ear, and let him into a Piece of his Mind. He assur'd him of his *Love* and *Duty* for his *Person* and *Family*, his regard for the *Trade* of the House, and that he was ready to serve him by *Day* or *Night* if he thought proper. That HARRY HALTER had the same Sentiments ; and tho' he might have been *misrepresented* to him, yet if he wou'd but please to try him, he'd be *answerable* for his *Integrity*, which he knew to be the same with his own. That it would be very hard now, if TRUSTY was thought the *only* Man fit to manage the *Business*, when there were so many People in *Bremford* desirous and willing to serve him. That he had long wish'd for this happy Day, and took this Liberty *only* out of pure *Affection*, and not with the least *View* of *advantaging* himself.

The young Gentleman heard him with great Temper and Patience ; but this Discourse requiring

ring some *little* Consideration, he was taken leave of for this time, with an Assurance, that *what* he had said, cou'd not possibly fail of having its **Due Weight**.

C H A P. IV.

How my Young Landlord, convinc'd of the Chamberlain's great Abilities, continu'd him in his Place, to the Delight of all who lov'd the House.

I was well, I wou'd be better, I took Physick, and died, is an excellent Proverb of the *Italians*, and a proper Warning to every body, who, as we *English* say, *don't know when they are well*: But my young Landlord did not want this Caution, for upon examining into the State of his Affairs with the greatest *Exactness*, (as he thoroughly understood the Business) he was extreamly well satisfied with the Method he found the Trade carried on in, was convinc'd **TRUSTY** had done his Duty to his Father, and was sensible of his Affection and Value for him. The very worst Enemies he had, cou'd not deny him Capacity; and as the young Gentleman, after the nicest Inspection into his Conduct, observ'd the loud Outcries of **SQUELSH** and his Associates, to be entirely groundless, his Love of Justice and Truth soon determin'd him to continue Things in the **Old Crack**, and not part with the true, faithful Servants of the Family, only to please the Caprice of a few wrong-headed People, who rather wish'd the Ruin of the Red-Lyon,

than to see the *Trade* flourish under TOM's Direction.

WILL. at first frequently paid his Court, but finding his *Master* did not want an *Adviser* (which he took upon him to be) and that his Visits were to little Purpose, he slacken'd 'em, and turn'd his Thoughts wholly on contriving to hurt the Family. MASTER, as well as the *Servants*, did not 'scape his Tongue, or his Pen; and HARRY and he doubled their Diligence and Malice in their *Weekly Papers*. WINNY too led him a damn'd Life at home, and so job'd him for his *Chimera's*, that he pass'd his time worse than a Toad under a Harrow. You are a pretty Fellow, says she, to make an *Axle-tree* for an *Oven*. What's become of your *Preferment*? D'ye think *Cousin Dunderhead* will accept of your *Kindness*? HALTER to be sure is quite easy now — Ah! the Wit of both of you, and the Wool of a blue Dog wou'd make an excellent Medley, These Taunts hurt him to the quick, and made him so morose, that he was ready to kick every body he met, and very ridiculously challeng'd to box with a famous West-Country Lad, for his crying the last dying Speeches of some Malefactors, one of which happen'd to be his Name-sake, swearing it was an *Affront* done to him. Nay he went so far, as to force a poor Labourer, who generally fed his Hogs, and hir'd a Boatswain of an *India-man* out of Business, to beat an honest harmless Townsman, within an Inch of his Life, only for pasting up an *Advertisement* upon the *Market-House*, of a TENEMENT that was to be lett in BRENTFORD, which he took to be design'd for his, and consequently a great Scandal to him, and my Dame.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

SQUELSH's Behaviour at the Horse-shoe Club, which he endeavours to stir up against my Landlord: Some of the Members are mention'd, with a short Account of the Scotch Pedlars.

AS the Horse-shoe Club consisted of the principal Inhabitants of *Brenford*, most of whom lov'd my Landlord extreamly, and met two or three times a Week to be merry, and talk over what pass'd in the Neighbourhood, **SQUELSH** endeavour'd to spread his *Venom* amongst 'em, and upon all Occasions rail'd vehemently, which he said was the Birthright of an *Englishman*, and what he valu'd more, than the best Preferment at the *Red-Lyon*; but this Brag of his wou'd have made a much better Figure, had it relish'd of the least Credibility. He wanted his Friend **HALTER** much to back him in his *Invectives*; but as he was excluded the Society, by the standing Laws of the Club, (which were not to admit any Person a Member of it, who had been guilty of *Breach of Trust*) **WILL.** was oblig'd to make the best Fight he cou'd, with the Assistance of his Kinsman **DANIEL**, **JACK STRAW** of *Worcestershire*, his Nephew **GRAVEL**, **WILLFUL WILL.** of *Cumberland*, **JO. CRUSTY**, the Baker of the famous *Rolls*, join'd with *Highchurch* **WILL**, *Lanthorn-jaw'd* **JACK** of the *Vale*, **BILLY WINDY**, prating **TOM**, **MUN. MULLI-CRUBS**, and several others, who had most of 'em been devoted Friends to *Goody Church*,
and

and in HALTER's Scheme of *wronging* the present Heir to the *Red-Lyon*. There were also *some* besides, who tho' they *pretended* to be humble Servants of TRUSTY's, yet were strongly *suspected* to wish SQUELSH Success in their Hearts, and to give him now and then some Assistance underhand, as far as they were able. Among which Number was tall * * * * short * * * * thin * * * * thick * * * * and sneering WATT, formerly Usher to a Boarding-School, and who knowing he had received *more* Favours from TRUSTY than he cou'd have *reasonably* expected, wish'd for a *new Chamberlain*, to try what he cou'd get besides.

The Majority however had the *sincerest* Love for my young Landlord, and it was no little uneasiness to them, to hear these Fellows rail at the *House* and all that belong'd to it: And tho' whatever SQUELSH's *Malice* vented, was contradicted, and *plainly* made out to proceed from an *ill Mind* and *rancorous Disposition*, yet not a whit discourag'd, he had always something ready to throw out at the Club, to set 'em together by the Ears, if possible. *We are like to be finely hop'd up*, says he, (one Night) Neighbours now TRUSTY's continu'd in his *Business*; The Trade will go bravely on to be sure, when, as I have formerly mentioned to you, he is so negligent, that he suffer'd some **Scotch Pedlars** to run away from the Inn, in his late Master's time, without paying their Reckoning. Well observ'd, says WILLFUL WILL, answer me that if you can—Ay, says JO. CRUSTY, there's a shrew'd one for you; for my part I tremble at my own Thoughts of Affairs; and if they are to go on at this rate, I shall leave it with the Company to guess what will become of

of 'em. They then *applauded* WILL.'s Persecuity, and promis'd to stand by him in his *Resentment*; but the *well-meaning* part of the Club only *laugh'd* at their Behaviour, since the *real* Truth of *that* Matter is as follows.

In the Number of *Scotch Men* who travel up and down the Country with Packs, it wou'd seem strange to the Reader, shou'd the *Western Road* be without any of 'em. They all frequent-ed the *Red-Lyon*, but as it was the *Tapster's* Business to mind them, he gave 'em sometimes Credit, knowing them intimately, and this he had done oftner before TRUSTY came into the Family, than afterwards. But on inspecting some Papers, he found out there was a Sum due from the *Pedlars*, whom he imagin'd had never gone on Score, and intimated to 'em, that he expected prompt Payment. As they shar'd every thing in common, and one only bore the Purse, they intended to pay the *Red Lyon* very justly, when the *honest* Gentleman their *Cash-keeper*, whom it did not in the least suit to part with what he had chous'd his Companions of, vamp'd off, and left his Comrades pawn'd for the Reckoning. This was an *Accident* impossible to be *foreseen* by the *Chamberlain*, or otherwise made amends for, than by *his* Method, which was taking the *All* from the *poor* Devils they had in the World, tho' it fell short of the Bill, which was no small Hardship upon them, who were entirely innocent, and wrong'd as much or more than the *Red Lyon*.

This was the *true* state of the Case; and therefore only trump'd up by SQUELSH and his *Party*, to make TOM. *uneasy* in his Business, if *they* cou'd; for *they* were *all* of the same
Humour

Humour with GOODYER's Pig, never well but when they were doing Mischief.

C H A P. VI.

How it happen'd once, when SQUELSH was very abusive at the Club, that little GEORGE the Eling Coachman took him down.

WILL's arrogant Behaviour made most of the Club very uneasy, and their Patience was worn quite threadbare. Several of 'em had frequently, in the *civilest* Terms possible, begg'd of him not to allow his Tongue such *unbecoming* Liberties; for every Man who differ'd with him in Opinion, was immediately a *notorious Rascal*, a *Dependant* of the *Chamberlain's*, one who'd sell his Family for a Draught of Drink, and rob all the *Hen Roosts* that came in his way. This was his constant Language to those, who offer'd to dispute what he laid down, tho' never so *calmly* and *reasonably*. TRUSTY often came to the Club to see his *Old Friends* and Acquaintance, and wou'd enter into Discourse with WILL. bearing with great *Coolness* all his *Ribaldry*, and answering with *undeniable Arguments* his most *bitter Reproaches* and *Abuse*. This *Easiness* of TOM. and his *Party* only *exasperated* SQUELSH the more: He laid about him on all sides; *these* were his *Notions*, and G—d d—n every body who were not of the same. He was sure they must be wretched Scoundrels; which was as
con-

convincing to him, as if the Twelve Judges had given it as their Opinion.

One Night when he was in *this* Strain, and bestowing his *usual Epithets* pretty liberally upon the Company, little GEORGE of Sandwich, who drove the *Eling Stage-Coach*; and play'd as good a Stick as most in the Parish, took him to task with a — *prithee Master William, don't drive so fast, thou'lt blow thy self up, before thou'rt aware. Do you think People come here and spend their Penny, only to be stunn'd with your Billingsgate Harangue? Do you take it you have a Patent, pray, for affronting every body in Company? Why must a Man be more of your Opinion, than your Corpulency? I don't see you have a better right to dictate to the Club, than I have to get you an Heir; and tho' my honest Neighbours here have born with you so patiently, I can tell you mine's at its Journey's End; therefore if you have not a mind to come under my Lash, put a stop to your round Trot, or I may chance to lend you a lick or two won't do you so much good as a Cup of Caudle. Let me advise you not to get the Bit between your Teeth, and suffer your Impetuosity to run away with you, for fear of Accidents: If you will be in the wrong, don't abuse those who desire to be in the right. I don't speak so much upon my own account (for whenever you are at me personally, you'll find yourself in the wrong Box, Friend;) but since you give no Quarter to any one who is not of your Kidney, I think it behoves us all to drive you out of Company, unless you mend your Manners.*

Sturdy WILL. of Yorkshire, (a worthy Fellow as ever broke Bread) gave him some *Wipes* too, which SQUELSH did not much relish; and

and tho' he did not want Courage, yet *knowing* himself in the *wrong*, and most of the *Club* crying out *Shame* on *such* Behaviour, he was forc'd to make a *lame* Excuse, pretending he did not mean any one *Member*, but only express'd his Detestation of *those* (if *they* were to be found) whose *Characters* he had describ'd: that possibly in some Age or other, *ill* People might serve the *Red-Lyon*, and deserve the *Censures* he had thrown out, and then, *there* they were ready for 'em.

For some little Time after these *Rubs*, WILL. always prefac'd his *invidious* Reflections, with assuring the *Club* he had no one of 'em in view, in what he was going to say; but that *Bad Servants* in general, were so much his *Aversion*, that he cou'd not help exclaiming against 'em; that he look'd upon it, as his *undoubted Birth-right*, to talk of *whom* and in *what* manner he pleas'd, and then at once forgetting his *Promise*, sous'd away with his usual *Invectives*.

C H A P. VII.

SQUELSH, out of meer regard to my Landlord, reports in the Neighbourhood, how not one Farthing of the *Red-Lyon Milk-score* had been paid off, since the *Death* of *Mother Church*.

SQUELSH and Company finding their Expectations entirely baulk'd, and their Hopes of ever being taken into Favour at the *Red-Lyon*,
to

to no purpose, they gave themselves over wholly to *Revenge*, determining to redouble their *Attacks* upon TRUSTY's Management, and my Landlord's Affection for him. The first thing they sat about, was, *A Calculation of the Debts owing by the Red-Lyon to the Neighbourhood*; which notable Performance, was the joint Work of the *ingenious* DAN. DUNDER-HEAD, and JOHNNY SCRIBBLE-SCRABBLE, who had been employ'd in making up Accounts for Tradesmen when their Affairs were in Confusion, and a *shrewd* Fellow he thought himself. In this Tract, out of great Love and Kindness to my young Landlord, they undertook to prove, that Mr. WILLIAMS's leaving the House (in whose Power it was) to the present Possessor, was a terrible Misfortune to BRENTFORD, and had cost several Hundred Pounds more to carry on Law-Suits in supporting them, than if Mr. JAMES, the Roman Catholick Tenant, (who set the whole Town together by the Ears) had been suffer'd to have kept it. In a word, it was a Scheme, founded more upon Malice and Spleen to the Business of the House, than upon real Facts, and only cry'd up by those, who were Enemies to the late Landlord, and continu'd so to the Son.

As this Pamphlet was merely calculated to raise Clamour, and not intended to be intelligible, it had very few Readers and was scarce seen, unless some Pages appear'd under Pyes, or wrapt up Tobacco and Salt-Butter, being of no other Use but for the Chandlers. This was indeed Mortification enough, but that was no new thing

thing for *them* to meet with. What cou'd be done next? Something *must* be started to *hurt*, if possible, since *this* had miss'd of *their* Aim. One Night at the Club, TRUSTY was mentioning in how good a way, *Trade* went on with his *Master*; that in a very *short* Time, he hop'd to free him from the *unavoidable* Incumbrances he found at his coming to the *Inn*, which he was *satisfy'd* could not but be *agreeable* News to every Body who lov'd my Landlord; that for his Part, he wish'd for nothing so much, as to see him perfectly *Easy* in his *Circumstance*; to which end, he wou'd leave no Stone unturn'd, and hazard every Thing most dear to him, to effect. Ay, says SQUELSH, how will you make this out? when by G—d I'm sure, it is as much impossible, as it is for me to be Friends with you. This can be nothing but a plausible Pretence of yours, to please the Neighbourhood; Why don't I know you have not paid one Jack of the Milk-score since you have been in the Family? And is this your way of making your Master easy in his Fortune? D—n my Body, if this is not true, and I desire the Company will look upon me henceforward as a snarling Scoundrel, if I can't make it out as clear, as fair Weather: I say I'll do't: and more than this, I can prove as plainly as that I've a Pipe in my Hand, how vastly you have increas'd the Score, when the Family has had no more Occasion to use Milk, than Ratsbane.

The honest Chamberlain smiling at his Violence, assur'd him he was entirely wrong; and that if he cou'd persuade himself to have a little Patience, and wou'd talk this matter over calmly, he was ready and desirous at any time, before the Club,

Club, to convince him of his *Error*, which he was willing to believe proceeded purely from *Misinformation*: For that he cou'd take upon him to say, and with great *Truth*, that he had discharged several Sums upon that *Head*, and had done so by many more, but for unforeseen Accidents happening, which made it quite impracticable: That nothing cou'd please him better, than his *Management* of this *Matter's* being publickly known. Accordingly a Time was appointed for the Hearing, which the next Chapter fully relates.

C H A P. VIII.

SQUELSH comes by the worst End of the Staff in the Dispute.

THE *Club* was fuller than usual to hear the *Truth* of the Story *WILL.* had trump'd up, and made such a *splutter* about. He continu'd extreamly confident, and certain of making out his *heinous* Charge to the very last. It must be observ'd, that *SQUELSH* had formed all his Calculations from his Cousin *DUNDER-HEAD's* Book, tho' *TRUSTY* very civilly sent him a Paper of his own, drawn up in an intelligible Manner: But this did not serve *WILL's* Purpose, which was to puzzle the Affair, and not clear it; he therefore made no use of that, but grounded all his Arguments upon his own and Friend's *Invention* and *Hear-say*. From the *Articles* he had set down in his Paper, he insisted strenu-

strenuously, that the **Bilk-Score** had been *encreas'd* since the Decease of Mrs. **Church**; and *thence* very fairly concluded, that not one Farthing had been *discharged*, not being *allow'd* in his Account. He declaim'd a long time with much Vehemence, rail'd at the Management in the Family, and ended, as usual, with *inveighing* against the honest Chamberlain, who sat perfectly easy in the Affair, now brought to such an Issue, that neither his averring one Thing, if not true, or SQUELSH's denying another, cou'd possibly avail either of 'em, since the Members of the Club were become the proper Judges, and that **Facts** must speak for themselves.

TRUSTY took no Notice of his common good Temper, but with great Calmness and Perspicuity laid open the whole Debt, for what Purposes each Article had been contracted or incurred, and how much of the Score he had *lessen'd*; which was done in so clear a Manner, that the most obstinate might see with half an Eye, that considering the Mismanagement of former Servants, the Badness of Trade for a great many Years, some necessary Law-Suits which swallow'd all my late Landlord's ready Cash, it was impossible for more to have been *decreas'd* of it than there was, and which reasonable People wou'd be abundantly satisfied with. He shew'd, with great Modesty and Justice, that lessening the Debt at all, was wholly owing to him; and explain'd to the Company, how for the future, if the Trade of the House continued flourishing, (which there was no reason to doubt of) it wou'd shortly be paid off. This the Club were so sensible of, that the

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Majority, near three to one, were of TRUSTY'S Side of the Question.

WILL. was confounded mad, to find this put in such a Light, that every Member, tho' not a Top Arithmetician, comprehended it, and could not justly contradict what had been told 'em. He work'd his Handkerchief about his Countenance, and then pretended, that if it was to be granted, that some of the Score had been rub'd off, (which he was devilish loath to confess) yet he was undeniably sure, there were many more Articles added to the Account for CREAM, than had been paid of the Milk, and this Observation he thought a Clincher.

It unfortunately happen'd that he could not once be in the right: Nor did the Chamberlain come into this one bit; for tho', as SQUELSH suggested, there had been some little Matter incurred for Cream, yet was not it at all equal to the Payments he had made, and which new Debts were occasioned by a Number of Troopers being constantly quarter'd upon 'em, who would have whatever they call'd for, or there was no living quietly in the House with 'em. They must have Cream with their Tea and Coffee in a Morning, (for the Horse take themselves to be all fine Gentlemen;) Cream with their Strawberries, and Custards and Syllabubs in abundance, to treat their Friends in an Afternoon that pass'd the Road. Nay, some of the Smock-fac'd Whelps (in Imitation of two or three of their Commanders) insisted upon washing their Hands with it, nor was there any keeping a dust of Flower in the House, for their dabbing their Shoulders with the Dredging-box. This was an Inconvenience

ency TOM cou'd not get the better of, for as the placing them there was for his MAJESTY's Service, and not (one may guess) TRUSTY's Choice, the best way was to bear with them, or they would have been look'd upon as Enemies to the Government, and treated accordingly.

Upon the Whole, after a very long Hearing at the Club, they were all of 'em convinc'd (and most of them own'd it) that WILL. had fail'd in making good his Allegations, and that TRUSTY was right in what he at first advanc'd: A matter of no small Concern to those loud Exclaimers at the Debts of the Red-Lyon, since their favourite Topick for Malice could not well subsist longer, and that they must seek farther a Field for grounding an insignificant Opposition, they cou'd give no better a Reason for, than one I remember to have read in MARTIAL's Epigrams, when a School-Boy;

*Non amo te Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare,
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.*

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

How SQUELSH endeavour'd to blast my Landlord's Credit in the Town, by persuading some of the most Substantial of 'em, not to pay a Sum of Money, they had promis'd his Father, for preserving the Peace of BRENT-FORD.

FOR the Information of the *courteous Reader*, whom I wou'd not *willingly* mislead, I must desire Permission to take Notice of something that happen'd in my late Landlord's Time, not long before his Demise. As SQUELSH's *Weekly Papers* pretended to give a *faithful* Account of the *Inhabitants* of BRENT-FORD, and their *Interests* and *Opinions*, a Neighbouring *Spanish Merchant*, who traded to the *West-Indies*, taking for Gospel whatever WILL. was pleas'd to write, was encourag'd by him and his *Associates*, to enter violently upon a *Field*, which the Town laid a just claim to, and had had a *Right of Common* for many Years, having the *Opinion* of the *best Counsel*, that their *Title* was *indisputable*. The chief *Towns-People*, (who were of the *Club*) justly fir'd with *Resentment* at such base Usage, address'd the *old Gentleman* in a Body, to stand up for their *Rights* and *Privileges*, promising to make a *Purse*, and that whatever it cost they wou'd be at the *Expence* of; and that if he wou'd not undertake it, they shou'd

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be undone. My Landlord, who was never so well pleas'd as with an Opportunity of serving his Friends and Neighbours, and had spent many Pounds of his own for the good of the Town, very readily came into it, and had stirr'd himself so diligently in the matter, that the troublesome DON drop'd his Cause, and agreed to a Reference just before his Death.

Upon the young Gentleman's looking over his Books and Accounts, when he took Possession of the Red Lyon, he found that the Money the Club had collected and given to his Father was not sufficient to defray all the Expences he had been put to, and that about Threescore Pounds was still wanting, to clear that Article. As he imagin'd those Friends, for whose sake chiefly the Matter was undertook, and who had promis'd to go thorough with it, wou'd perform that Engagement, he order'd TRUSTY one Night to mention it to the Company at the **Boyle-Hoe**, whom he had no reason to doubt wou'd be worse than their Words, or think it reasonable for him to be out of Pocket for 'em. The major part of the Club did not hesitate at the Proposal, knowing they had made such a Promise to their Old Friend, and were therefore ready to make it good. Only Master SQUELSH (who look'd upon Promises in the same Light with his Comrade HALTER) oppos'd it with great Bitterness. Was there ever any thing, says he, Neighbours, so shameful as this Demand upon you? At this rate of going on, I shan't expect to keep a Farthing in my Breeches, tho' they are laid under my Bolster of a Night. What have we to do forsooth with Promises made to the late Landlord? What is't to me
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or you, or you, who has the common Field, which has cost more keeping already than 'tis worth; and why the Devil are we to pay for Law-Suits of TRUSTY's Contrivance? For by G—d I am convinc'd this was so: I say I am convinc'd; and if that is not Demonstration enough, much good may do you all: One wou'd really imagine you were as flush of Money as a Sailor just come to Port, and are for parting with it as ridiculously. I can only say for my own particular, I had much rather have my Name at length in a **Sessions Paper**, for cutting off Dimity Pockets, and wringing Brass Knockers, or for any the most detestable **Ass-lany**, than ever give my Consent to paying this Money; and rot me, if I don't think every Man a **Balsal** (pray observe I name no body) who don't think as I do.

His intimate Friends mention'd in the Fifth Chapter, speech'd it notably too upon this Occasion; and one thing was very remarkable of slippery JO, the Baker, that he spoke and voted of the same Side (for it was the Custom of the Club to ballot) which he had not been observ'd to do for many Years.

In a word, as the principal Inhabitants wou'd have been asham'd to shew their Heads in the Town, had they broke their Faith, in a Matter so notoriously known, as their Engagement to the old Landlord, they came honestly into fulfilling their Promise; not only as it was Money had been expended, at their own Request, for the good of BRENTFORD, but to keep their Credit unsullied, which they picqu'd themselves upon doing, and were noted for, all over the Country.

C H A P. X.

The CLUB break up for the Summer, and how SQUELSH kept close at Home, and apply'd himself to reading History.

AS the Summer Evenings are too delicious to be spent in a Room with Tobacco and Tipple, this being the *time* for the greatest Concourse of Travellers, and consequently a very busy one at the Red-Lyon, the good Company at the *hoyse-shoe* determin'd to break up till the ensuing Winter, when the Nights in the Country are tedious, and the Members more at liberty from their necessary Avocations. WILL. during this *Recess*, continu'd damn'd *sour*, seldom stir'd Abroad, but kept himself in his Night-Gown and Study, turning himself to the Improvement of his Malice, instead of his Mind, as will best appear, by the Books he made choice of. Capt. Smith's *Annals of Newgate* weremuch in his Favour, and he endeavour'd to pick out several Passages of some of the most notorious Villains describ'd there, to fit his Acquaintance with, especially honest TRUSTY, for whose sake chiefly he went through so much Trouble. He determin'd to lay in a sufficient Number of *sbrewd Reflections*, and useful Observations, against the Meeting of the Club; and the Devil must be in the Dice, if among so large a Collection of Characters, he cou'd not hit upon one, that fitted: But whether that was so
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or *not*, there *must* be a *scoundrel Coat* hung ready for TOM's Shoulders, and he wou'd clap it upon 'em, tho' it did not reach to his *Waistband*, but in the *Judgment* of all Spectators, suited his own Shape much better.

With no *small Labour* he fram'd a *List* of several of the *worthy Gentlemens Names*, and then put on his considering *Cap*, about *applying* 'em to the *Chamberlain*. For *Instance*; BLUE-SKIN, he found out, was of a *brown Complexion*, — so had TRUSTY. BLUE-SKIN was in *Newgate* — TRUSTY had Bars too to his Windows: Extreamly like that! Crook-finger'd JACK (another *Tyburn Hero*) liv'd in a sober Family, before he came to the Gallows — so did TRUSTY: Ergo. FOOT-MAN, a third *Worthy*, wrote a tolerable Hand — TRUSTY was very good at his *Pen*: Another *indisputable Resemblance*!

These, with many more of the *Fraternity*, he observed *plunder'd* every body they met with on the Road — TRUSTY receiv'd the Money Travellers were pleas'd to expend for what they call'd for: A *strong Instance* of both their *Taking*! Nimming NED had built many a *Sconce* — TRUSTY a House for his Family: Can any thing be more like? JACK SHEPHERD wore a *Ring* upon his Finger — TRUSTY did the same: Is one to be known then from to'ther? The famous Mr. BURNWORTH ty'd his Collar with a *String*, and TRUSTY his with a Piece of *Ribband*: Will any Man say then they can *distinguish* em?

It wou'd *tire* the Reader to mention *half* the Similitudes he had taken down in the Course of his

his Studies, and prepar'd for the next Meeting at the *Horse-shoe*. He frequently stump'd about his Room, repeating Speeches aloud, he intended to *thunder* out there; and having met with something he thought *patt*, one Day he *broke* out thus, Highwaymen, quoth he, Gentlemen, in all Ages have been the Pest and Bane of Civil Society: Nor do I conceive Pickpockets of any real Use in a well-order'd Government. Laws therefore by all prudent Nations have been made against 'em: Pillories and Gibbets been erected, to reward their Crimes, and thin their Numbers, that Persons of Probity may live without Dread and Apprehension of having their Throats cut for their Cash. Now I can make it out clearly—I say visibly so—for by G—d, I never aver any thing but what is Fact—take that along with you—Seeing him in such a Vagarie, the FAMILY were just sending for a Surgeon to breath a Vein, thinking him somewhat of the wrong Side of his Wits, till they discover'd it was only one of his fiery Fits, in which for the present I shall leave him.

End of the SECOND PART.

